Thou haſt redeemd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewde thou makeſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſayd, I harkened to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous Potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
Kin. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawſey*. *Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*
Prin. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.
Prin. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.
Hot. Now ſhall it *Harry*, for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falſtalffe.

Fal. Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall find no Boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falſtalffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd me of my youth,
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle Life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:

But